houses in the village where they take in roomers. The landlady is already in bed; dull wait in a dusty little drawing-room invaded by winged ants, under the stupid gaze of the family portraits.

To reach what is going to serve me as a room I am told to cross through the kitchen, then a sort of dark storeroom; on the way I can clearly make out, by the light of my candle, a heap of newly washed laundry, but not the handles of the wheelbarrow on which it rests. I bump into them, scattering on the floor my night things, my light, and myself stretched out full length. For lack of witnesses, forced to laugh myself, in the dark, while rubbing my bruises.

Friday

Got up too early; my companions are not yet ready and the carriage is not to come for us until six o'clock. Outside; the sky is already overflowing with joy; the air is fresh and acid like a sherbet. How bright it is! On the square a squealing pig is being bled; a horse is splashing in the mountain torrent; the first shops are opening, in which I can buy chocolate, biscuits, and insect powder. At a quarter past six we leave.

Merens, 8 o'clock

A bowl of *cafe au lait;* Roquefort cheese takes the place of butter, and not at all unpleasantly. Wild joyful light cascades down from the top of the mountains; foam silvers the bottom of the ravines. As I raise my eyes, how I love, on the edge of the sky, the greenish gray of the close-cropped pasturelands! In the depth of the valley, on the higher treetops, a delicate snow remains. Small fields of grain attempt to climb the slopes by surprise, but stop halfway up; a bit higher the rips are not patched and the bare rock appears. The road, rising slowly, follows the trout-colored mountain torrent. Few new plants; a few frail white linaria of which I don't know the name. Shining mulleins whose whole stem is covered with flowers. Some statice on a long stem,

which at a distance looks like scabiosa, brothers of the cliff grass edging the paths of my garden. A little higher, delicate pinks, excessively laciniated, almost without color, but having a delicious scent.

A gypsy wagon at the edge of the village has been camping at Merens for the last three days. In the hotel stable I see the performing goat that ia the evening, climbing up on'a table in the inn, tells fortunes by tapping with its hoof on the tricked card.

20 *o'clock,*

We reach Hospitalet in the stifling heat; seven hours' walk to this stop; we decide to lunch at once. Here is the old guide we have notified;